

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

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The Adventures of Two Knights of the Wayside.

Weary Al Ragged and Rushy Ben Growli were going to Remington on a free day. Weary, who was riding a saw horse, was feeling rather warm. After listening to his complaints for a while Rushy, who was riding on the belt line told him to preserve the chatter, and take the store out of his hat. The honorable Al Ragged resented such talk and delivered the following in a malodorous voice. "If youse can't use kerrect langwidge when addressing a gentleman, kindly keep yer cogertations to yerself, see. If not I will climb off me fiery steed and kick yer in the slats."

There were no more arguments for several miles because the weather was hot and arguing was hard work. The trouble started again at the next farmhouse. It was Ben Growli's turn to go in, but he saw the dog first and absolutely refused. After many arguments and threatenings of dire punishment, the Sancho Pancyc Al Ragged eased himself from his faithful mount and approached the house. After looking carefully about and seeing that there was no wood to chop or grass to be cut, Weary walked boldly up to the back door. "Please Mum, won't yez give a pore traveler a bite?" The lady to whom the appeal was addressed, appeared to be about fifty, and looked as though she had just taken a pint of vinegar and lemon-juice. She turned into the kitchen and called, "Here Rover, the man wants a bite."

Rushi Ben Growli watching the proceedings from the road, first felt through the saddle bags of Weary's steed and having found ten cents he picked up a tomato can, sank the spurs into the pacer's side and started off for Lafayette, leaving Weary Al Ragged stranded and facing death at the teeth of a ferocious bull dog.

(To be continued.)

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Behind the Foot Lights.

The annual program of the Uplift Club was held on June 23, 1915. The members who came from every quarter of the civilized globe filled Alumni Hall to its utmost capacity.

When the curtain rose there was a deafening round of applause as Mr. Burger waltzed across the stage. He was clad in ancient Roman war costume, but on his head in place of a helmet, he wore an inverted coal scuttle. This, however, made no great difference for as he proceeded to inflict his grand bass solo the fuel receptacle fitted him so neatly that only the keen, discerning eye of the College Cheer reporter could detect the fake. Mr. Burger held the rest of his audience terror stricken. Some even were so affected that they rose and left the hall. One poor fellow, the tears dimming his sight, mistook a window for the door, but he had not fallen far before he landed on the shoulder of Mr. Ralph Kanny, who had forgotten his ticket and had to stand outside on a soap box and look through the window.

There was much clapping as Mr. George Pohlman strode upon the stage, for we all expected him to break into a warble. Consequently we were very much disappointed when in angry tones he began to harrangue us, questioning the right of anyone to place an additional tax of twenty-five cents on Union Workmen. A pack of the Scrap, skillfully manipulated by a stage hand, enticed him from the platform and all was well. When we saw Rodgers' foot protrude from behind the scenery, we all began to applaud, for we easily guessed who was following it. This austere person with his old ingratiating smile, related some of his experiences as a chiropodist. He told us that he had enjoyed a very lucrative practice, and that even his college days had been marred by the care of a noted track man's great toe. He left the stage and quite a few left the hall when Joseph Falk entered to lecture on Anthropology. Mr. Falk was assisted by his colleague, Mr. Carl Goeckler, who, among

other things, played "The History of Man" on a Jew's harp.

A trio, consisting of McCaffrey, McLaughlin and Curby, next gave a rendition of the old favorite "The Longest Way Up Is Down." We all agreed, except Mr. Leo Beck who said he had his doubts. Being asked upon what authority he based his doubts, he produced a volume of "Kaegi Abridged." Upon our refusing to accept that man as an authority, as he is universally condemned, Mr. Beck stormed out of the hall in his usual rage. The whole house was in a state of confusion and uproar. The cable by which Curby had been hoisted onto the stage was broken in the medly, and the whole program would have been a failure but for the genius of Mr. Alex Koenig. Mr. Koenig contrived to remove the obstacle by means of a toothpick, two spools and a piece of dental floss. Mr. Deutch gave him a rising vote of thanks and the program continued.

We completely forgot our chagrin, when William Wigmore in his uncontrollable falsetto sang: "My Heart's in Indiana and My Appendix in Alcohol." As he neared the end of his selection his tones were so pathetic and our tears gushed forth in such profusion, that Mr. Deutch, the director, not wishing to send us home with such sad memories, rose and sang it over. The effect was wonderful. Tears of sadness turned into tears of joy, and we contracted such severe pains in our sides from laughing that we requested Mr. Deutch to go away and leave us alone in our misery.*

The "Famous Duo," Stewart and Hermiller then annoyed us with various attempts at singing and dancing. Mr. Stewart was attired in kilts and carried a bagpipe with which he paralyzed the audience at regular intervals. Mr. Hermiller, having been "sloughed" on the garments, wore a silk hat, a pair of football trousers and a Prince Albert coat with the tails tucked into his trousers. A small sapling used as a cane completed his scenery. His recitation of the immortal "Fighting Bound Volumes" was extremely terrifying. These two were followed on the stage by Carl Beckert in "Early Rising" and he was followed off the stage by whatever happened to be lying about loose.

Mr. Edwin Alexander Leopold of international dancing fame then fascinated his audience by "The Death of the Swan," a fantastic toe dance. Everything on the stage that was not securely anchored kept time to the captivating rhythm of his hop. Only the timely introduction of a banana peel saved the scenery from collapsing.

Table Four Quartette sang "Home Sweet Home," a very new and original means of torture especially prepared for the occasion. Mr. Deutch thanked the audience for their kind indulgence and the meeting was then adjourned.

Minimisms

Everybody enjoys the little nightly demonstrations which the Juniors hold to show their extreme proficiency in turning off the lights at the most illogical moments. We imagine a thrill of aesthetic pleasure, such as the artist feels when viewing a finished work, coursing along their spines as they deftly turn the buttons. We have all had to pass through that stage, but our experience has been that we were not thought fully civilized until we were well out of it. And some people think we are not civilized yet. It's funny. May be they are right, or may be it is only that loving regard which men have for their fellow beings, which is found so aptly expressed in the short history of man which one-cylinder firms have printed on the other side of their business cards. "When he comes into the world," it says, "everyone wants to kiss him, but before he leaves it, everybody wants to kick him." We live in hopes that the latter interpretation is true, for then our love is mutual.

Historical Wrinkles.

As a result of decisions passed by the Fifth History Class during its session last Thursday, questions which for centuries have been the object of bitter controversy and concerning which vast libraries have been written, have at last been settled. These decisions, the result of diligent research, are the most significant since the discovery of Pericles that his son's dog, Azor, ruled the world. It is believed in scientific circles that their influence on modern thought and culture will be as potent as was that of Pericles's revolutionary doctrines. Accordingly, Tennyson is henceforth to be considered the author of "The Life of St. Anthony," and it has been determined beyond a doubt that archives were the dwelling places of the Monks.

The Class is as yet in doubt concerning St. Simon Stylites's living on the top of a pillar. It is thought that the question will be passed upon at the next session, when Kuhn and Weger will read their papers explaining how this could not be possible without the proper facilities for shaving, laundrying, and for procuring food.

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Editorials.

THE Editor wishes to thank all who have contributed to the CHEER. Our sanctum this week has been flooded with jokes of which we are publishing a few and of which our hungry waste-basket has devoured a quantity. Our waste-basket is a well-trained, well-behaved member of the staff and he will accept only what can not possibly be used. Among other things, please, do not expect us to publish anonymous personal jokes. If those jokes are of such a nature that signing your name to them will bring down upon you the wrath of your victims, why, excuse us for not wishing to trust our frail selves to their gentle mercies; be it hereby known that we are peace loving citizens and that we desire to remain neutral. Some jokes, too, are really very funny as they actually occur with all their attendant circumstances, but when put into print they lose their original significance, and he must be very optimistic who would laugh at them. We, nevertheless, appreciate your good will and effort and wish to encourage you to further attempts. We know that you will understand why your contribution does not appear and, like a dead game sport, will not feel offended. COLLEGE CHEER has won an enviable reputation for good tone, and it will be our purpose to try to retain and, if possible to better that tone. That is our highest ideal and equal to that is our regard for the subscriber who has paid up. Our Treasurer has an insatiable appetite for fifty-cent pieces, and yours truly a great longing for another jitney to rattle against the lone nickel in his trouser pocket.

Somnolentations.

"I'm—on—my way, to dear old Dublin Bay — —" Forty-nine pairs of sleepy eyes opened wearily and their owners just as wearily turned over and drew the covers up about their ears in vain endeavor to keep out the noise

which had awakened them. Forty-nine mental brick-bats were thrown weakly towards the southeast corner of the dormitory as forty-nine tired spirits registered several half hearted curses in favor of the disturber of their slumbers.

"For — oh, I know — sweet Molly oh — —" The words, coming through the blankets, were soft and sweet now, as some far-off fairy echo, soothing the vexed souls of the forty-nine and wafting them back to slumber-land. And the avenging deity, looking down from on high and feeling compassion for the unconscious singer, whose soul, waking and sleeping, pulsated to the rhythm of that remorseless jingle, sent an angel with a pillow to silence forever his agonizing melody.

The football team of this season is rounding out into shape under the guidance of Coach Harry Parker. Mr. Parker it will be remembered had wonderful success with the Rensselaer team which he coached some years ago. He is one of the best men in this line in this part of the country. The men of last year's squad are showing that they have not lost any of their pep during vacation. Bruin, McCaffrey and Silverstein are in their old time form and keep the second team humping to guess what they are up to next. The team has a coming star in one of the new men, Theodore Deck. He has been setting the pace which even the regulars find hard to keep up. Captain McLaughlin asks for the hearty support of the whole student body, which he will surely get. There will be some hard games on the schedule this year. Every player realizes this and is training hard and earnestly. With the material on hand there is no reason why St. Joe's football team should not be as strong as it ever was. Here's hoping that no game is played from which our squad does not bring home the bacon.

HEARD OVER THE WIRE.

Wonderly, "How much are eggs a dozen?"

Eger, "Twenty cents."

Wonderly, "How much are cracked eggs?"

Eger, "Thirteen cents."

Wonderly, "Crack me up a half dozen."

Leo Beck affirms he saw a dog commit suicide. "How did he do it," asked Her-miller. "Why, he caught his tail between his teeth and said, 'This is the end of me.'"

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